And rather, as it seemes to me, thou keepest from me,
All conueniency, then supplyest me, with the least
Aduantage of hope: I will indeed no longer indure it,
Nor am I yet perswaded to put vp in peace, what already
I haue foolishly sufferd.

Iag. Will you heare me *Roderigo*?

Rod. Faith I haue heard too much, for your words,
And performance are no kin together.

Iag. You charge me most vniustly.

Rod. I haue wasted my selfe out of meanes: the Iewels you haue had from me, to deliuer to *Desdemona*, would halfe haue corrupted a Votarist: you haue told me she has receiu'd em, and return'd mee expectation, and comforts, of suddaine respect, and acquittance, but I finde none.

Iag. Well, goe to, very good.

Rod. Very well, goe to, I cannot goe to man, it is not very well, by this hand, I say tis very scuruy, and begin to finde my selfe fopt in it.

Iag. Very well.

Rod. I say it is not very well: I will make my selfe knowne to *Desdemona*, if she will returne me my Iewels, I will giue ouer my suite, and repent my vnlawfull sollicitation, if not, assure your selfe I'le seeke satisfaction of you.

Iag. You haue said now.

Rod. I, and I haue said nothing, but what I protest entendment of doing.

Iag. Why now I see there's mettle in thee, and euen from this time doe build on thee, a better opinion then euer before, giue me thy hand *Roderigo*: Thou hast taken against me a most iust conception, but yet I protest, I haue delt most directly in thy affaires.

Rod. It hath not appeared.

Iag. I grant indeed it hath not appear'd, and your suspition is not without wit and iudgement: But *Roderigo*, if thou hast that within thee indeed, which I haue greater reason to beleeue now, then euer, I meane purpose, courage, and valour, this night shew it, if thou the next night following enioyest not *Desdemona*, take mee from this world with treachery, and deuise engines for my life.

Rod.

Rod. Well, is it within reason and compasse?

Iag. Sir, there is especiall command come from *Venice*,
To depute *Cassio* in *Othello's* place.

Rod. Is that true? why then *Othello* and *Desdemona*
Returne againe to *Venice*.

Iag. O no, he goes into *Mauritania*, and takes away with him
The faire *Desdemona*, vnlesse his abode be linger'd
Here by some accident, wherein none can be so
determinate, as the remouing of *Cassio*.

Rod. How doe you meane remouing of him?

Iag. Why, by making him vncapable of *Othello's* place,
Knocking out his braines.

Rod. And that you would haue me to doe.

Iag. I, and if you dare doe your selfe a profit, and right, hee sups to night with a harlot, and thither will I goe to him; --- he knowes not yet of his honourable fortune: if you will watch his going thence, which I will fashion to fall out betweene twelue and one, you may take him at your pleasure: I will be neere to second your attempt, and hee shall fall betweene vs: come, stand not amaz'd at it, but goe along with mee, I will shew you such a necessity in his death, that you shall thinke your selfe bound to put it on him. It is now high supper time, and the night growes to wast: about it.

Enter *Othello*, *Desdemona*, *Lodouico*, *Emilia*, and Attendants.

Rod. I will heare further reason for this.

Iag. And you shall be satisfied. *Ex.* Iag. *and* Rod.

Lod. I do beseech you sir, trouble your selfe no further.

Oth. O pardon me, it shall doe me good to walke.

Lod. Madame, good night, I humbly thanke your Ladiship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walke sir: --- O *Desdemona*.

Des. My Lord.

Oth. Get you to bed, o'the instant I will be return'd, forthwith, dispatch your Attendant there, --- looke it be done. *Exeunt.*

Des. I will my Lord.

Em. How goes it now? he lookes gentler then he did.